Lincoln p.161. p.175.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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THE FRA

EXPONENT OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY

Vol. 13 SEPTEMBER, 1914 No. 6

AND THIS TOO SHALL PASS!

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THE OPEN ROAD

AFOOT WITH THE FRA

The Mother of Lincoln

LINCOLN CITY, Indiana, is in Spencer County, forty miles Northeast of Evansville, and one hundred fifty miles from Louisville ❧ ❧

There was no town there in the days of Abraham Lincoln. The "city" sprang into existence with the coming of the railroad, only a few years ago ❧ The word "city" was anticipatory. ¶ The place is a hamlet of barely a dozen houses. There is a general store, a blacksmith-shop, the railroad-station, and a very good school to which the youth come from miles around.

The occasion of my visit was the annual meeting of the Indiana Editors' Association. ¶ A special train had been provided us by the courtesy of the Southern Railway. There were about two hundred people in the party. ¶ At Nancy Hanks Park we were met by several hundred farmers and their families, some of whom had come for twenty-five miles and more to attend the exercises.

As I sat on the platform and looked into the tanned, earnest faces of these people, I realized the truth of that remark of Thomas Jefferson, "The chosen people of God are those who till the soil."

These are the people who have ever fought freedom's fight. And the children of such as these are often the men who go up to the cities and take them captive.

In the cities the poor imitate the follies and foibles of the rich to the extent of their ability. ¶ But here, far away from the big towns and cities, we get a type of men and women such as Lincoln knew. They had come with the children, brought their lunch in baskets, and were making a day of it.

We formed in line by twos and ascended the little hill where the mother of Lincoln sleeps. On the simple little granite column are the words:

NANCY HANKS LINCOLN
Mother of Abraham Lincoln
Died October 5th, 1818
Aged 35 years

Instinctively we uncovered.

Not a word was spoken.

An old woman, bowed, bronzed, with fur-

rowed face, approached. She wore a blue sunbonnet, a calico dress, a check apron. The apron was full of flowers.

The old woman pushed through the little group and emptied her wild flowers on the grave ❧ ❧

No words of studied oratory could have been as eloquent.

A woman was paying tribute to the woman who gave to the world the mightiest man America has produced!

And this old woman might have been kin to the woman to whose resting-place we had journeyed ❧ ❧

A misty something came over my eyesight, and through my mind ran a vision of Nancy Hanks ❧ ❧

"Died aged 35," runs the inscription.

The family had come from Kentucky, only a half-day's journey distant as we count miles today by steam and trolley.

But in Eighteen Hundred Seventeen it took the little cavalcade a month to come from LaRue County, Kentucky, to Spencer County, Indiana, sixteen miles as the birds fly, North of the Ohio River.

Here, land was to be had for the settling. For ten miles North from the Ohio the soil is black and fertile.

Then you reach the hills, or what the early settlers called "the barrens." The soil here is yellow, the land rolling.

It is picturesque beyond compare, beautiful as a poet's dream, but tickle it as you will with a hoe it will not laugh a harvest.

At the best it will only grimly grin.

It is a country of timber and toil.

Valuable hardwoods abound—oak, walnut, ash, hickory.

Springs flowing from the hills are plentiful, wild flowers grow in profusion, the trees are vocal with song of birds, but the ground is stony and stubborn.

"Be Good to Her, Abe!"

HERE the family rested by the side of the cold, sparkling stream.

Across the valley to the West the hills arose, grand, somber, majestic.

Down below a stream went dancing its way to the sea.

And near by were rushes and little patches of grass, where the tired horses nibbled in gratitude ❧ ❧

And so they rested. There were Thomas Lincoln; Nancy Hanks Lincoln, his wife; Sarah Lincoln, aged ten; and little Abe Lincoln, aged eight.

The family had four horses, old and lame ❧

In the wagon were a few household goods, two sacks of cornmeal, a side of bacon.

Instead of pushing on Westward the family decided to remain. They built a shack from logs, closed on three sides, open to the South ❧ ❧

The reason the South side was left open was because there was no chimney, and the fire they built was half in the home and half outside ❧ ❧

Here the family lived that first bleak, dreary Winter. To Abe and Sarah it was only fun ❧

But to Nancy Hanks Lincoln, who was delicate, illy clothed, underfed, and who had known better things in her Kentucky home, it was hardship.

She was a woman of aspiration and purpose, a woman with romance and dreams in her heart. Now all had turned to ashes of roses ❧

Children, those little bold explorers on life's stormy sea, accept everything just as a matter of course.

Abe wrote, long years afterward: "My mother worked steadily and without complaining. She cooked, made clothing, planted a little garden. She coughed at times, and often would have to lie down for a little while. We did not know she was ill. She was worn, yellow and sad ❧

One day when she was lying down she motioned me to come near. And when I stood by the bed she reached out one hand as if to embrace me, and pointing to my sister Sarah said in a whisper, 'Be good to her, Abe!'" ❧

The tired woman closed her eyes, and it was several hours before the children knew she was dead.

The next day Thomas Lincoln made a coffin of split boards. The body of the dead woman was placed in the rude coffin. And then four men carried the coffin up to the top of a little hill near by and it was lowered into a grave ❧ ❧

A mound of rocks was piled on top, according to the custom of the times, to protect the grave from wild animals.

Little Abe and Sarah went down the hill, dazed and undone, clinging to each other in their grief.

But there was work to do, and Sarah was the "little other mother."

Sally Bush Johnston

FOR a year she cooked, scrubbed, patched the clothing, and looked after the household

Then one day Thomas Lincoln went away, and left the two children alone.

He was gone for a week, but when he came back he brought the children a stepmother—Sally Bush Johnston.

This widow who was now Mrs. Thomas Lincoln had three children of her own, but she possessed enough love for two more.

Her heart went out to little Abe, and his lonely heart responded.

She brought provisions, dishes, cloth for clothing, needles to sew with, scissors to cut. She was a good cook. And best of all she had three books.

Up to this time Abe had never worn shoes or cap. She made him moccasins, and also a coonskin cap, with a dangling tail.

She taught Abe and Sarah to read, their own mother having taught them the alphabet. She told them stories—stories of George Washington and Thomas Jefferson. She told them of the great outside world of towns and cities where many people lived.

She told them of the Capitol at Washington, and of the Government of the United States.

¶ And they learned to repeat the names of these States, and write the names out with a burnt stick on a slab.

And little Abe Lincoln and his sister Sarah were very happy.

Their hearts were full of love and gratitude for their New Mother, and they sometimes wondered if anywhere in the wide world there were little boys and girls who had as much as they

" All I am, and all I hope to be, I owe to my darling mother! " wrote Abraham Lincoln, years later.

And it is good to know that Sarah Bush Lincoln lived to see the boy evolve into the greatest man in America. She survived him four years.

Here Abe Lincoln lived until he was twenty-one, until he had attained his height of six feet four.

He had read every book in the neighborhood.

¶ He had even tramped through the forest twenty miles, to come back with a borrowed volume, which he had read to his mother by the light of a pine-knot.

He had clerked in the store down at " The Forks," at Gentryville.

He had whipped the local bully—and asked his pardon for doing so.

He had spelled down the school and taken parts in debates.

He could split more rails than any other man in the neighborhood.

He had read the Bible, the Revised Statutes of Indiana, and could repeat Poor Richard's Almanac backward.

He was a natural leader—the strongest, sanest, kindest and truest young man in the neighborhood

A National Monument

WHEN Abe was twenty-one, the family decided to move West. There were four ox-carts in all.

One of these carts was driven by Abraham Lincoln

But before they started, Abe cut the initials N. H. L. on a slab and placed it securely at the head of the grave of his mother—the mother who had given him birth.

In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six James Studebaker of South Bend bought a marble headstone and placed it on the grave. Mr. Studebaker also built a picket-fence around the grave, and paid the owner of the property a yearly sum for seeing that the grave was protected, and that visitors were allowed free access to the spot.

In Nineteen Hundred Five certain citizens of Indiana bought the hilltop, a beautiful grove of thirty acres, and this property is now the possession of the State, forever.

A guardian lives here who keeps the property in good condition.

A chapel, roofed, but open on all sides, has been built, the trees are trimmed, the underbrush removed. Winding walks and well-kept roadways are to be seen. The park is open to the public. Visitors come, some of them great and learned.

And now and again comes some old woman, tired, worn, knowing somewhat of the history of Nancy Hanks, and all she endured and suffered, and places on the mound a bouquet gathered down in the meadows.

Abraham Lincoln can never die. He belongs to the ages. Memories of him will be passed on from generation to generation—the blessed heritage of all mankind.

And here alone on the hilltop sleeps the woman

who went down into the shadow and gave him birth

Biting poverty was her portion; deprivation and loneliness were her lot. But on her tomb are four words that express the highest praise that tongue can utter, or pen indite:

MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Hoosier Habitat

AT the Nancy Hanks Memorial, ex-Congressman Colonel Frank Posey spoke first

Colonel Posey comes from the family that founded Posey County, famous for pleasantries, and famous, too, for the fact that it grows corn a hundred bushels to the acre, and wheat fifty bushels, and men and women in proportion

New Harmony is in Posey County. There lived George Rapp, who founded the Rappites and paved the way for Robert Owen, who worked out a romantic scheme that sowed the seeds of Brook Farm.

In Posey County was formed the first Woman's Club in America, and the first public library as well.

Restrain your smiles when Posey County is mentioned—you are on sacred soil.

Colonel Posey is an orator and a statesman. He is saturated with Lincoln memories, and radiates "the good old days." His speech was worth the journey, even if I had heard naught else

Following Colonel Posey came Governor Willson of Kentucky, who reminded us in stirring phrase of what Kentucky has done for the Republic.

"He was born in old Kentucky," said the Governor—and the man who did not shout was n't present. The Governor was impressive and profound, and showed that he too was from the State that evolved Henry Clay

Next came ex-Vice-President Charles Warren Fairbanks

We used to hear Fairbanks spoken of as "a human refrigerator-plant." Let the man who mentions cold storage with Fairbanks in mind be chilled by his own falsehoods.

Fairbanks is a warm, pulsing, manly man. He is nearly as tall as Lincoln was. Long of arm, long of leg, big in brain, with a voice vibrant and earnest, he played upon the heartstrings and memories of that audience as Paderewski toys the keys.

Fairbanks made a masterly address. He is close to the hearts of the common people—"the kind that God loves."

And these are the identical people with whom Lincoln spent his boyhood days. Here his character was formed.

He is the world's great Hoosier.

If it was n't the custom to work "the Lincoln type" business overtime, I would say that Fairbanks is essentially of the Lincoln model. ¶ He has the sturdy commonsense, the directness and the simplicity of the rail-splitter

After the speechmaking the farmers closed in and shook hands with everybody, especially Fairbanks. He called many of them by name, and the way they listened to him and the way they greeted him gave the lie to all that cold-storage guff. I was with the man all day. His wit, his friendliness, his courtesy, were contagious

I like Fairbanks as a man, and I admire him as a statesman.

I also like his H_2O cocktails.

The man is delightfully sane. He has no fight with progress, nor does he have a lust to vivisect success and crucify enterprise.

James E. Watson

AFTER Fairbanks came ex-Governor Durbin, a hundred-point man who had written out his thoughts and read them, like the good, simple businessman he is. There is nothing of the Colonel Yell of Yellville about Durbin. He is safe, sensible, sound. He gave us valuable facts spiced with a few poetic fancies, and he quit when he should—a rare, unique and strange thing for an orator to do. ¶ Honorable James E. Watson was present, but declined to speak. I think he wanted to give all of us who were in Class B a run for our legal tender.

But Jim's modesty went for naught. Or was his modesty "mere psychology"? In any event, there were wild, turbulent calls for "Watson—Watson—Watson!" And when some one sent up the cry of "Our Jim!" why, Jim came forward and in deep sonorous tones, spaced with graceful hesitation, such as Tom Corwin would have brought to bear, he paid each of the preceding speakers flowery meed of praise. And it surely listened good to all of us who had sawed the air and made the judicious grieve

But soon "Our Jim" was making a sure-enough speech, standing on his toes, a Jupiter of oratory sending the thunder of his wisdom

and the lightning of his wit where'er he list, splitting the oaks of ignorance and laying low the tall pines of prejudice.

James E. Watson of Rushville is a great personality.

At the Chicago Convention he was the third favorite on the job. First was Elihu Root, next Herbert Spencer Hadley, next was "Our Jim."

Jim is young and full of political poetic prunes. He has no gray hairs, no bald spot—just a soft spot in his heart for chiffon and all other beautiful things.

He is always going to school, and will not be at his best for twenty years.

As I listened to his rolling utterances, noted the dramatic pose of his athletic physique, and then looked out over his audience and saw how thoroughly he held them, I realized somewhat of the wonderful school in which Lincoln was taught.

Great oratory must be out of doors. It needs a setting, also it needs hearers of the earnest, honest, rustic, fighting breed.

Poverty and pioneer conditions breed statesmen—and statesmen are men who build a State

James E. Watson has ancestors who kissed the Blarney Stone, but he himself feeds on the Honey of Hymettus.

And while Jim's diet may be Grecian, he himself symbols for us the little red schoolhouse, voices the opportunity of plains and prairies, stands for sanity, sanitation and safety, and knows naught of government by experiment and hysteria, much less of legislation by legerdemain

The Indiana Quality

BUT, say, Terese, come closer, so; what crops of genius those Hoosiers do produce! They surely have moved the literary zone from Massachusetts to their own fertile fields and valleys.

Here Lincoln learned to write, and laid the foundation for a literary style matchless in its purity

Edward Eggleston began the real trouble with his *Hoosier School Master.*

James Whitcomb Riley gave the world a new thrill, touched a million hearts, evolved a race of imitators, and put his fodder in the shock. He made more money than ever poet did before

Last week he gave the city of Indianapolis seventy-five thousand dollars for a fountain, thus showing his appreciation of a product for which poets of old had small use. Also, he gave his secretary a present of fifty thousand dollars. Was ever a poet so trusting before?

As for George Ade, with his *Fables in Slang,* he did n't pollute the well of English undefiled. He just filled the old well up and put in a high-pressure system of his own. George owns a township, bought from the usufruct of his airy, fairy fables and his nonsensical, nebulous nuances that have helped us forget it.

General Lew Wallace built a block from the proceeds of his book, and has had a street-car line named in his honor.

John W. Kern, senior Senator, Spartan Superbus, perpetual candidate for the Presidency, Magnus, has written many good things, and now has an epic poem in press.

Booth Tarkington, the versatile and gently contumacious, has made much monies and married more, and pounds the typewriter eight hours a day for the love of it, at so much per pound.

Meredith Nicholson has won all the success that is any man's due.

Albert J. Beveridge has written reams and reams of faultless, high-clutch, Silvertowntire prose, and memorized most of it.

Then come Joe Cole, Gail Davis, Kenyon Mix, Homer McKee, Dodge Trowbridge, Colonel Carl Fischer, Wayneknit Smith, the Bowser boys, all ginksome gazooks in advertising, with books a-borning and copy on the hook.

Charles Major, with his *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* made us sit up nights and burn dollar gas. Maurice Thompson, Nature-lover, gave us gems in verse, rich and rare, besides his incomparable *Alice of Old Vincennes.*

Albion Fellows Bacon, a mite of a woman with a mighty heart, has written splendidly and well; and also she taught her sister, Annie Fellows Johnston, how.

And surely we will not soon forget Gene Stratton Porter, who has made us love the birds, bees, butterflies and moths, and introduced us to the rainbow, the clouds and the sunrise

Then down at Evansville, neighbor to Robert Dale Owen, was born and lived Adolph Melzer, protector of dumb animals, a voice for the voiceless, teaching the gentle doctrine of the divinity of all life.

Indiana is not only the home of the literary

animalcule, but it is also the home of presidential timber and Vice-Presidents, potential and actual. Think of Hendricks, Fairbanks, O. P. Morton, Beveridge, Heminway, Kern and Marshall!

And of diplomats not a few, with Denby and Foster carrying America to the Orient.

Colonel Denby not only has a proud place in history, but his picture is on the most popular brand of cigars manufactured since Sir Walter Raleigh taught Queen Elizabeth how to strike a match on the seat of her electric runabout.

¶ Indiana comes nearer representing American democracy (with a small d) than any other State.

Political prophecies go wrong in Indiana. She may throw a Republican majority of thirty thousand, or a Democratic plurality of twenty, jumping on a Bull-Moose boomlet with both brogans

In Indiana men are not herded and owned. Neither are the women—ask May Wright Sewell!

The Landis Family

THE fertile quality of the soil on the classic shores of the Wabash is mirrored in the famous Landis family.

Here were five Landis laddies—Charles, John, Fred, Kenesaw Mountain, and Walter.

All grew up to be men with health, animation, purpose, ambition, and marvelous hirsute effects

Their habitat was the little village of Milville, in Butler County, Ohio, and in the Seventies they moved to Logansport, Indiana. They carried newspapers, clerked in the post-office, taught "deestrick skule," and one or two of them "went to college."

Two of them went to Congress at one time from adjoining districts, and had seats on the floor next to each other.

It seems that at one time all of these five Landis boys were drawing salaries from the Government, and when they used to meet they would join hands in a circle and sing, "Our Country, 't is of Thee!"

There are two Landis girls, older than the boys, who have remained at home and kept the lamp in the window burning for their brothers, a pair of independent, self-reliant, evolving women, instead of two depressed, whipped-out wives done for by the marital steam-roller.

Strong and able as are the Landis boys, my opinion is that the two girls intellectually have the Phi-Beta-Kappa key on them.

The father was a surgeon in the War. He was at the Battle of Kenesaw Mountain. And on the day the battle was fought, Kenesaw Mountain Landis was born, and naturally they named him Kenesaw Mountain and he has been Kenesaw Mountain ever since. And always at war—with what he considers error.

¶ At present he is a United States judge in the Cook County bailiwick. He is a very superior man, but as a judge he does n't do the woolsack any more honor than I would

The man is essentially an individualist, full of the dramatic instinct, by nature an artist

Perfectly sane people, who are equally wise on every occasion, are not artists. In order to produce art you have to see things out of their natural relation. You lift them up against the sky, and paint them with a broom.

A good judge absorbs public opinion and gives it out as his own.

Any man with pronounced likes and dislikes, who takes sides, has no place on the bench

Judge Landis would make ten times as much money practising law, would have five times the fun, and would be a deal bigger figure in private life than he is, cabined, cribbed, confined in a judge's robe.

A little experience on the bench is charming; also it gives you a title that sticks to you the rest of your natural days. But as a life career, it belongs to the class B man.

Whenever I see a Landis I feel like shouting to everybody in the vicinity: "Make room! Make room for individuality!"

The McCutcheons

THEN we must not forget Dan Voorhees, the tall sycamore of the Wabash, who pawed up the sawdust in the political arena for fifty years

He was a graduate of Depauw University and played a prominent part in the Hoosier Renaissance. His monument is the Congressional Library building in Washington, for he it was who supplied the initiative for this magnificent institution.

At Purdue University I was told by one of the professors that John and George McCutcheon and George Ade graduated there in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-nine. For four years these three boys had prevented the police of Lafayette from getting their full quota of rest. These boys had also kept the entire col-

lege faculty from indulging in introspection. ¶ How they ever got their degrees no one exactly knows, but the feeling is that they were graduated so as to get rid of them, on the theory that if you do not want a man in your employ you are perfectly willing to supply him a letter of recommendation to some one else. ¶ Nevertheless, everything works together for good, whether you love the Lord or not. The McCutcheons have gotten along fairly well, and nobody claims that George Ade is on half-rations. George owns a township, and John McCutcheon is King of Cartoonists

New Harmony

HERE is a point that the historians have not touched upon, so far as I know.

Lincoln lived in Spencer County, sixteen miles from the Ohio River. He arrived there in Eighteen Hundred Seventeen, and remained there until Eighteen Hundred Thirty.

Forty-five miles to the West is the town of New Harmony, Indiana.

New Harmony was on the great highway to the West

New Harmony is one of the most interesting historic spots in the United States.

A few things were done there in the line of civilization before they were done anywhere else in America.

New Harmony was the home of a communistic society known as the Rappites, or Harmonists, or Harmonyites.

George Rapp was driven out of Germany on account of his political socialism.

He had a plentiful lack of religious convictions and founded a religion of his own on a Utopian basis

There were five hundred people in his community. These people represented the primal virtues of industry, economy, truthfulness, mutuality

They were a highly educated people—that is to say, there was no illiteracy among them, and this at a time when the outside world in that vicinity was densely ignorant.

The Rapp Colony was practically a college, and in fact the word college means a collection of people who are intent on cultivating their mental acreage.

The Rappites remained at New Harmony from Eighteen Hundred Fifteen until Eighteen Hundred Twenty-four, when they sold their estate of about three thousand acres to Robert Owen

Robert Owen is the world's first businessman. ¶ He is the man who inaugurated the first factory betterments.

He prophesied a day when every factory would be a school, and his factories at New Lanark, Scotland, were practically schools, that attracted the attention of all Europe

Robert Owen was two hundred years ahead of his time.

He was accused in England of making war on established religion, and he found it convenient to move his ideal colony to the New World, and having got in touch with George Rapp of the Rappites he made a special journey to New Harmony, Indiana, and bought the community out with all of its belongings

The Rappites moved to Economy, Pennsylvania, and built what is today the best-paying railroad property in America; that is to say, the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad, running from Pittsburgh to Youngstown. In addition to this, they had factories, stores, schools, churches, where equality prevailed. ¶ The Rappites founded the first public library in America, possibly with the exception of the Free Public Library founded by Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia.

These people had no paid priesthood. Every man and woman in the community who had anything to say said it in public.

The Rappites and the followers of Robert Owen were very much alike, representing the paradox of rounding the circle, for the Rappites are celibates.

The Owenites were practically free lovers, and celibates by way of variation, the opposites of things being alike, as every wise man knows.

The simple point is that the center of advanced civilization practically was at New Harmony, Indiana, at the time when Abraham Lincoln lived in Indiana, only forty-five miles away, at a point which was well within the literary zone

As far as New Thought and Free Thought are concerned, New Harmony had a well-defined expression in the Rappites and the Owenites long before the Massachusetts Transcendentalists had tuned their lyres. Transcendentalism in America had its rise in New Harmony, Indiana, and from the time that George Rapp reached New Harmony, Posey County, Indiana, in Eighteen Hundred Fifteen, up to the present time, New Harmony has been the

center of new thought, free thought, earnest mental exercise, high endeavor, and all that makes for beauty, worth, excellence, truth, health and progress.

Orthodox theology and orthodox sociology apply the brakes to progress until the rubber smells, but New Harmony tried things out on a practical working basis.

Now the question is: Was not Abraham Lincoln, in his Hoosier home, influenced by this storm-center of thought, only the distance of a horseback-ride away?

As far as we know, legend is silent, and certainly history is mute on this particular point

The people at New Harmony are regarded with grave suspicion by the citizens round-about. Truth is always under suspicion, but it does not seem improbable that a little of the light which the Rappites and the Owenites produced by their little candle had thrown its beams clear to Gentryville, where Abraham Lincoln was splitting rails and where he lived until he was six feet four and weighed one hundred seventy pounds.

Abraham Lincoln was a Hoosier.

From here he went forth to do the greatest work that mortal man was ever called upon to do. And today his name and fame are the precious legacy of mankind wherever flares freedom's torch.

The best service a book can render you is, not to impart truth, but to make you think it out for yourself

The Gentle Art of Defamation

THE modern gentleman adventurer is a literary man.

His blunderbus is a typewriter.

King of the kind is Norman Hapgood.

This energetic man raised *Collier's Weekly* to the *n*th power by dynamiting certain things—some of which certainly needed shooting up.

But Norman Hapgood having reached the point of diminishing returns, and tasted blood, goes into the employ of McClure's and assumes the editorship of *Harper's Weekly.*

For several years *Harper's Weekly* had been running on momentum. Virtue had gone out of it

Everybody's Magazine had made an international success by publishing the confessions of that great and good man, Colonel Tom Lawson

And so Norman Hapgood takes the cue, quick as a Nipponese in imitation, and seeks to send a thrill of life along the keel of the moribund *Harper's,* which had gone to seed on a culture-bed of culture.

Coarse and crass are the ravings of the jaundiced journals. Loud and blatant are the tones of the demagogue. Cheap and patent are the mouthings of the side-show spieler and the political spellbinder.

But Norman Hapgood is different! In him there is a vein of humanism and a recurring desire to be honest.

At the same time he must have readers.

Just here let me digress long enough to insert a passage from Buckle's *History of Civilization.* Says Buckle: "There is no instance on record of an ignorant man who, having good intentions, and power to enforce them, has not done far more evil than good. And whenever the intentions have been very eager, and the power extensive, the evil has been enormous

"If he has no fear, if he is entirely unselfish, if his sole object is the good of others, if he pursues that object with enthusiasm, upon a large scale, and with disinterested zeal, then it is that you have no check upon him, you have no means of preventing calamities which this ignorant man will be sure to inflict

"It is an undoubted fact that an overwhelming majority of persecutors have been men of the purest intentions, of the most admirable and unsullied morals.

"It is impossible that this should be otherwise.

"For they are not bad-intentioned men, who seek to enforce opinions which they believe to be good. Still less are they bad men, who are so regardless of temporal considerations as to employ all the resources of their power, not for their own benefit, but for the purpose of propagating ideas which they think necessary to the future happiness of mankind. Such men as these are not bad, they are only ignorant; ignorant of the nature of truth, ignorant of the consequences of their own acts.

"But in a moral point of view, their motives are unimpeachable.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT used to sleep with a copy of the Iliad under his downy pillow. Aleck had received the book from his friend and tutor, the renowned Aristotle, with a year's subscription to *The Philistine*. ¶ People nowadays rarely put books under their pillows. They buy Roycroft bookcases of fumed oak—but American businessmen, not aw, go about with copies of *The Philistine* in their pockets.

Go where you , there will always be some good Roycrofter enjoying a sile oke with Little Phil from East Aurora. *The Philistine* is sa ry, healthful, aseptic. If you aim to live long and prosper, y can not do better than subscribe to *The Philistine*. The ghs you laugh, the thoughts you think, and the hunches yo et from the little brown mag, will surely go far to eliminat om your system some of the grouch, grump and growl. Bet dig up a dollar today and send it in with the coupon, which generously attach to the nether extremity of this page.

And *The Philis* is not all you get for your Dollar, *either*—listen !—

We will send y as a token of our friendship and regard, a gratis premium the shape of the new *Roycroft Motto Book*, and two photogravu by Gaspard or Schneider. The *Motto Book* is an anthology good things in the adage line. The 'gravures are printed on an Vellum in sizes suitable for framing. The portraits are th of men and women whom we may all have to friend—auth musicians, artists, philosophers and businessmen of note.

I pray you, rem ber the coupon.

To The Roycroft, East Aurora, N. Y.

I enclose O Dollar, in real money, for a year's subscription to *The Ph tine*, and also, in addition, as premium, the *Motto Book* and o photogravures.

Name.....

Address .....

adian Postage, 12 cents; Foreign, 24 cents

ROYCROFT PRINTING

The Roycroft Shop caters to the nting requirements of particular pole

¶ Our facilities for rendering superior service are now greater than ever before. In point of floor-space the Print-Shop has been practically doubled. ¶ New presses have been installed, and we are prepared to give advertisers who appreciate the value of good printing, special consideration. ¶ We guarantee solid concrete satisfaction. ¶ Roycroft stands for the art preservative, now and forever. ¶ On our payroll are men who have proven themselves masters of the craft. ¶ They do something more than merely "set type" and distribute the same. ¶ The impress of art and of personality and originality is on everything they do. ¶ The Roycrofters make a specialty of printing booklets. The copy for most of these booklets is written by the Light of the East Aurora Borealis. ¶ In the last year we have printed just five booklets that were circulated in llion lots, and there is aher on the hook. This is urual in even the largest nting establishments, a we are rather proud of trecord. All printed matterat goes out from your officaould symbol the prestige y have built up through yrs of hard work and faitll application to business. It should stand for qualitfirst, last and all the time¶ Whether you know it not, a house is known byhe printer it employs. ¶ oycroft printing leaves no ophole for criticism. ¶ e can turn out a big job jas easily as a little one, angive you more for your mon than you are in the habit getting. We own our plantomplete, and it is undecoted by bonds or mortgage We live simply and work rd. ¶ Tell us your type trouls, and let us make up a priing prescription. Nowisthesychological time.

THE ROYCROFTERS, Prnting Dept.

East Aurora, which is in Erie County, tate of New York